

RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

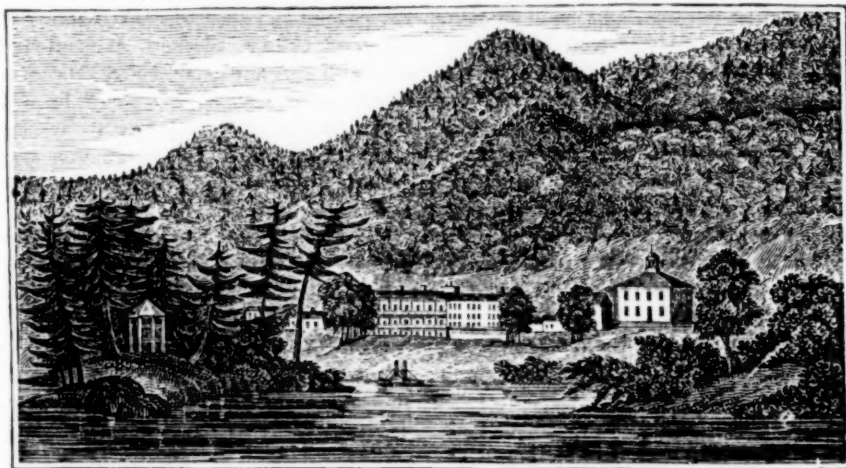
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1844.

NUMBER 14.

View of Caldwell, on Lake George, N. Y.



CALDWELL, the shire town of Warren county, was organized in 1810, and named in honor of James Caldwell, Esq. a principal proprietor and benefactor. It has a mountainous surface, and embraces the south end of Lake George. Population 635. Caldwell village lies at the head of Lake George, 62 miles from Albany, 9 from Glenn's Falls, and 27 from Saratoga Springs. The village consists of about 50 dwellings.

The scenery in this vicinity is of a wild and picturesque character, similar to the Highlands of Scotland. Westward, rises a range of mountains, the highest of which is Prospect or Rattlesnake Hill, which is an elevation of about 1,500 feet. Remains of forts William Henry and George, are still to be seen at the head of the lake, a short distance east of the court-house.

This village and the lake has become quite a fashionable place of resort during the warm season of the year. Besides the attractions of the natural scenery, it is rendered interesting from having been the theatre of important military operations. The celebrated "Battle of Lake George," on Sept. 8th, 1755, was fought in the vicinity of *Bloody Pond*, so called from the fact that corpses of the slain were thrown into it. The battle was between the provincial troops under Major-general, afterward Sir William Johnson, aided by a body of Indians under Hendrick the Mohawk chieftain, and a body of French Canadians and Indians under Baron

Dieskau, a French nobleman. The baron embarked at Fort Frederick, at Crown Point, with 2,000 men in batteaux, and landed at Skeebasboro, now Whitehall. Having understood that Johnson lay carelessly encamped at the head of Lake George, he determined to attack him.

The following account of the conflict that ensued, is given by Dr. Dwight, who received much of his information from eye-witnesses of the action.

On the night of Sunday, Sept. 7, at 12 o'clock, information was brought, that the enemy had advanced 4 miles on the road from Fort Edward to Lake George; or half way between the village of Sandy-Hill and Glenn's Falls. A council of war was held early in the morning, at which it was resolved to send a party to meet them. The number of men, determined upon at first, was mentioned by the general to Hendrick; and his opinion was asked. He replied, "If they are to fight, they are too few. If they are to be killed, they are too many." The number was accordingly increased. Gen. Johnson also proposed to divide them into 3 parties. Hendrick took 3 sticks, and putting them together, said to him, "Put these together, and you can't break them. Take them one by one, and you will break them easily." The hint succeeded, and Hendrick's sticks saved the party, and probably the whole army, from destruction.

The party detached consisted of 1,200, and were commanded by Col. Ephraim Williams, a brave

and skillful officer, greatly beloved by the soldiery, and greatly respected by the country at large. Lieut. Col. Whiting, of New Haven, was second in command, and brought up the rear. Col. Williams met the enemy at Rocky brook, 4 miles from Lake George. Dieskau had been informed of his approach by his scouts, and arranged his men in the best possible order to receive them, extending his line on both sides of the road in the form of a half-moon. Johnson did not begin to raise his breastwork until after Williams had marched; nor, as a manuscript account of this transaction, now before me, declares, until after the rencounter between Williams and the enemy had begun.

Williams marched his men directly into the hollow of the half moon. This will be explained by the fact, that the whole country was a deep forest. When the enemy saw them completely within his power, he opened a fire of musketry on the front and on both flanks of the English at the same moment. The English fell in heaps; and at the head of them their gallant commander. Hendrick, also, was mortally wounded, fighting with invincible courage in the front of his people. He was shot in the back: a fact which filled him with disdain and anguish; as he thought, that he should be believed to have fled from the enemy. The truth was, the horns of the half-moon were so far advanced, that they in a great measure enclosed the van of the English, and fired upon them from the rear. From this fire Hendrick received the wound which terminated his life.

Upon the death of Col. Williams, Lieut. Col. Whiting succeeded to the command of the detachment. He was an officer of great merit, and had gained much applause at the reduction of Louisburgh; and, in consequence of his gallant conduct at that siege, had been made a captain in the regular British service. Whiting, seeing the danger of his men, immediately ordered a retreat; and conducted it so judiciously, that he saved the great body of them from destruction, in circumstances of extreme peril; in which their own confusion and alarm, and the situation of the ground, threatened their extermination no less than the superior numbers of the enemy.

The noise of the first fire was heard at Lake George. Efforts began then to be made in earnest by the general for the defence of the camp; and a party of 300 men were despatched under Lieut.

Col. Cole, to support the retreating corps. A few stragglers, both English and Indians, came into the camp, and announced, what had indeed been already sufficiently evident from the approaching sound of the musketry, that the French army was superior in numbers and strength to Col. Williams' corps, and was driving them towards the camp. Some time after "the whole party that escaped," says Gen. Johnson, "came in, in large bodies;" a decisive proof of the skill and coolness with which Lieut. Col. Whiting conducted this retreat. These men also arranged themselves in their proper places, and took their share in the engagement which followed.

About half after 11 o'clock, the enemy appeared in sight, marching up the road in the best order towards the centre of the English. When they came to the bottom of an open valley, directly in front of the elevation, on which fort George was afterward built, and on which the centre of the English army was posted, Dieskau halted his men about 15 minutes, at the distance of little more than 150 yards from the breastwork. I have never seen a reason assigned for this measure. I think I can assign one. The Indians were sent out on the right flank, and a part of the Canadians on the left, intending to come in upon the rear of the English, while the main body attacked them in front. The ground was remarkably favorable to this design; being swampy, thickly forested, and, therefore, perfectly fitted to conceal the approach of these parties. The Indians, however, were soon discovered by Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, who immediately mentioned the fact to the general; and, observing to him, that these people were extremely afraid of cannon, requested that one or two pieces might be pointed against them. They were then near the ground on which Fort William Henry was afterward built. The general approved of the proposal. A shell was instantly thrown among them from a howitzer, and some field-pieces showered upon them a quantity of grape-shot. The Indians fled.

The baron, in the mean time, led up his main body to attack the centre. They began the engagement by firing regularly in platoons; but at so great a distance, that they did very little execution. This circumstance was favorable to the English; and soon recovering from the panic into which they had been thrown by the preceding events of the day, they fought with great spirit and firmness.

Gen. Johnson, at the commencement of the battle, received a flesh wound in his thigh, and the ball lodged in it. He bled freely, but was able to walk away from the army to his tent. Gen. Lyman then took the command, and continued in it during the action. This gentleman, who seemed to have no passions, except those which are involved in the word *humanity*, immediately stationed himself in the front of the breastwork; and there, amid the thickest danger, issued his orders, during 5 hours, to every part of the army, as occasion demanded, with a serenity which many covet, and some boast, but very few acquire. The main body of the French kept their ground, and preserved their order for a considerable time; but the artillery, under the command of Capt. Eyre, a brave English officer, who performed his part with much skill and reputation, played upon them with such success, and the fire from the musketry was so warm and well directed, that their ranks were soon thinned, and their efforts slackened sufficiently to show that they despaired of success in this quarter.

They then made another effort against the right of the English, stationed between the road and the site of Fort William Henry, and composed of Rugles' regiment, Williams', now commanded by Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, and Titecomb's. Here a warm fire was kept up on both sides about an hour; but on the part of the enemy was unavailing.

At 4 o'clock, the English, and the Indians who fought with them, leaped over their breastwork, and charged the enemy. They fled, and were vigorously pursued for a short distance. A considerable number were slain in the pursuit. The wounded, and a very few others, were made prisoners. Among these was Dieskau. He was found by a soldier, resting on a stump, with hardly an attendant. As he was feeling for his watch, in order to give it to the soldier, the man, suspecting that he was searching for a pistol, discharged the contents of his musket through his hips. He was carried into the camp in a blanket by 8 men, with the greatest care and tenderness, but evidently in extreme distress.

Hendrick had lived to this day with singular honor, and died fighting with a spirit not to be excelled. He was at this time from 60 to 65 years of age. His head was covered with white locks; and what is uncommon among Indians, he was corpulent. Immediately before Col. Williams began his march, he mounted a stage, and harangued his people. He had a strong masculine voice; and, it was thought, might be distinctly heard at the distance of half a mile; a fact which, to my own view, has diffused a new degree of probability over Homer's representations of the effects produced by the speeches and shouts of his heroes. Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, who was present, and heard this effusion of Indian eloquence, told me, that, although he did not understand a word of the language, yet such was the animation of Hendrick, the fire of his eye, the force of his gesture, the strength of his emphasis, the apparent propriety of the inflections of his voice, and the natural appearance of his whole manner, that himself was more deeply affected with this speech, than with any other which he had ever heard. In the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, Sept. 25, 1755, he is styled "the famous Hendrick, a renowned Indian warrior among the Mohawks;" and it is said that his son, being told that his father was killed, giving the usual Indian groan upon such occasions, and suddenly putting his hand on his left breast, swore, that his father was still alive in that place, and that there stood his son. Baron Dieskau was conveyed from Albany to New-York, and from thence to England; where soon after he died.

The capture of Fort William Henry, at this place, Aug. 9th, 1757, and the massacre by the Indians, created a great sensation in all the northern states. The following account of the capture of the fort, is extracted from Professor Silliman's Tour.

The Marquis de Montcalm, after three ineffectual attempts upon Fort William Henry, made great efforts to besiege it in form, and in August, 1757, having landed ten thousand men near the fort, summoned it to surrender. The place of his landing was shown me, a little north of the public house; the remains of his batteries and other works are still visible; and the graves and bones of the slain are occasionally discovered.

He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works were garrisoned by three thousand men, and were most gallantly defended by

the commander, Colonel Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate; but the most honorable terms were granted to Colonel Monroe, in consideration of his great gallantry. The bursting of the great guns, the want of ammunition, and above all, the failure of General Webb to succor the fort, although he lay idle at Fort Edward with four thousand men, were the causes of this catastrophe.

The capitulation was, however, most shamefully broken; the Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out of the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood—they plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children, with circumstances of the most aggravated barbarity.* The massacre continued all along the road, through the defile of the mountains, and for many miles, the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, were tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood; it might well be called the *bloody defile*, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles, only two years before, in 1755. It is said that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained, and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops. I passed over the whole of the ground, upon which this tragedy was acted, and the oldest men of the country still remember this deed of guilt and infamy.

Fort William Henry was leveled by Montcalm, and has never been rebuilt. Fort George was built as a substitute for it, on a more commanding site, and although often mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, was not I believe the scene of any very memorable event.—*Hist. Col. of New-York*.

* Men and women had their throats cut, their bodies ripped open, and their bowels, with insult, thrown in their faces. Infants and children were barbarously taken by the heels, and their brains dashed out against stones and trees. The Indians pursued the English nearly half the way to Fort Edward, where the greatest number of them arrived in a most forlorn condition.

TALES.

THE INN AT CRANSAC.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

Translated from the German, by H. B. Webster.

"WHAT place is that before us?" I asked the postillion.

"Cransac, sir."

"Cransac? Can we stay there comfortably over night?"

"I believe so. It is an excellent inn: far and wide none better."

This was delightful to me, for I felt very weary. It is no trifle, scarcely half recovered from sickness, again to set out upon a journey of many hundred miles. My regiment lay at Perpignan, and I came from Nantes. A fine distance! And from Perpignan a pleasant march at the head of my company through Catalonia, where already so many brave Frenchmen had found their graves. I felt myself very much out of humor.

We drove into the little village, which is charmingly situated at the foot of its wooded hills. Thomas, my servant, sprang off and helped me out of the carriage. The landlord, a jovial man, led me into the parlor, after he had given his orders to his servants about my luggage.

The room, which was very neat, spacious and

clean, was full of little girls. Some sat on the tables, some under the tables; some were climbing about the windows; some of the smaller ones were playing on the floor. A full grown girl, about 16 years old, held an infant in her arms, and danced with it among the others. In the corner of the room sat a young man, his head resting upon his hand, apparently in a reverie, and regardless of the noise of the children, or the grace of the dancer.

"Be still!" said the landlord, as he entered the room with me. "Annette, take the noisy troop out into the yard, and you, Fanchon, prepare the room for the stranger, No. 8. He remains over night."

At this command Annette, a beautiful angel of about 14 years, led the whole troop of little ones out. Fanchon, the dancer, made only a slight graceful salutation, danced up to the young man in the reverie, and said, "Sir Philosopher, oblige me a little by holding my youngest sister." And with these words she placed the child, which she had in her arms, upon his knee. He did not seem to be pleased, but took it, notwithstanding.

"You are highly blessed, landlord," I said, pointing to the swarm of little ones. "Are they all yours?"

"I would that they were, for the wonder's sake!" said Herr Albert, the landlord, "but only about half of them are mine; the rest are playmates who have come on account of the name-day of my third daughter."

"And how many children have you, Herr Albert?"

"Six girls, no more."

"Heaven help you! All girls? Six girls?"

"God be praised! you should have said, Captain. A father cannot wish a happier lot, if his girls are pretty. For some of their charms continually reflect back upon him. All the world caresses him; for the maidens win the world's eye. This I have already observed, and thank Fanchon for it. When she is gone, they treat me civilly on Annette's account. When Annette's away, then for Julietta; next for Kate, then for Celestine, then for Lison, and those that may follow."

"Yet you must confess, Herr Albert, the prospect is not a pleasant one. They will all by and by get married, and you will lose them from your house."

"No, I see it differently from you. I only put my capital at interest, when I give away my daughters. I shall be a grandfather, and the young wives will bring their children to me. There is a new source of enjoyment."

"You are good at consolation, Herr Albert. But six fine boys instead of girls, would not they have made you proud?"

"Boys? Merciful heaven? The wild fellows, by their rows and fights, would make my hair gray before its time, while with my daughters I grow young again. When the sons became of age, the first would fall in merchandize, the second become a cripple for his country, the third be shot dead, the fourth a rover over land and sea, the fifth a bungler in his calling, the sixth more cunning than his father. This profiteth not."

Meanwhile Fanchon tripped in, saluted me courteously and said, "Your room is in order, when you wish to go." The landlord was called away. I took my hat to go to my chamber.

"Allow me," said Fanchon, "the honor to show it to you." Then with a skip or two she went to him to whom she had given the child. "Herr

Philosopher, you are very unmannerly to your little lady. Do you see how Lison laughs at you? Quickly kiss her hand and ask her pardon." She then held the little one's hand before his mouth. He smiled gloomily and scarcely looked up.

Then sprang she to me and said, "I have the honor." She flew before me up the stairs, and opened the door of a neat little room. She had to wait some time before I came. I apologized for my slowness, I was an invalid.

"You will become perfectly well with us," she said, "the baths of Cransac do wonders, as you know."

"I know not a word of it, lovely Fanchon. Have you mineral waters then?"

"The most celebrated in the whole world. Visitors come indeed from Toulouse and Montpellier. No one leaves us except perfectly well and delighted."

"But who could leave you, sweet Fanchon, delighted?"

"Leave me to take care of that, sir. I know how to tease people, so that they are glad to get rid of me."

"O! I pray you, do me the honor to tease me a little."

"That is easily done. But now I must take my little sister away from the philosopher below."

"Who, if I may ask, is he whom you call the philosopher?"

"An extremely amiable, accomplished, pleasant young man, whose only failings are that he cannot laugh, rarely speaks, and when he does, is satisfied with nothing. He calls himself Herr Von Orny, and is a visiter at the baths, who wishes them, on account of their sulphur smell, to the infernal regions."

A courtesy with these words, and she had disappeared. I confess the maiden was charming enough to tease one like me. I determined to remain the next day at Cransac, and try the baths. Where should I find pleasanter society and accommodation? I was anxious to recover.

But in my chamber I wanted amusement. I went down to see the beautiful butterfly, Fanchon. She fluttered around, heaven knows where. There was no one to amuse me but Herr Von Orny, who was drumming a tune with his fingers on the window.

I asked him about the power of the waters, he said "They smell even from a distance like rotten eggs." I said that I had not come purposely on their account. He replied, "So much the better for you." I thought the country appeared to be pleasant. He answered, "What does that signify if the men are so much the more unpleasant? A prison decorated with beautiful landscapes is preferable." "Yet a Fanchon might endure, even in a prison!" I added. "As well as a hornet, which continually buzzes around one's head."

Just then Herr Von Orny screamed aloud. I started back alarmed, for I saw not, because I stood at the other window, what had happened. I would help him. There stood Fanchon before him, with a sweet, supplicating gesture, a needle in her uplifted hand, with which she had pricked him in the shoulder. "Do you know, sir: that we hornets can sting? This is the least of my punishments, tremble for the greater."

"Then you would break his heart," said I.

"O we can not do that with Herr Von Orny?" she added, and went quickly away.

The young man grumbled and left the room. In truth a strange scene to me. For never in my life had I seen a man of his youth, who seemed to have so much knowledge of the world and of life, and so fine a personal appearance, so sultry and so insensible to the bantering railery of a pretty girl.

I would not stay alone. I went into the open air, observed for amusement the environs of the house, and entered the adjoining garden, where Fanchon's younger sister, Annette, was watering the flowers. I looked with pleasure upon the activity of this wonderfully beautiful creature. I praised the happy father. This angel, on the borders of childhood, yet with all its simplicity and innocence, and still in the budding charms of womanhood, would thus floating among the flowers, in a picture, have been regarded as the ideal of an enraptured artist.

"Who comes?" said she, without looking around, when she heard my footsteps.

"A thief!" said I.

"What will he steal?" asked she, laughingly, without, however, seeing me.

"Annette's prettiest flower."

Then she set down her watering pot, and half shyly came to me and said, "I would like to see that myself."

I glanced around and saw a half-blown moss rose.

"May I pluck it?" I asked.

"A thief should not ask!" she replied, and handed me a small pair of scissors to cut it off with.

"I don't steal for myself!" I said.

"To whom will you give the rose?" she inquired.

"To the loveliest girl in Cransac."

"Well, sir, I'll permit that. But do you know the young girls of Cransac? You have hardly been here an hour."

"I only know the most beautiful one."

"You excite my curiosity, sir. May I go with you?"

"I pray you only to stand still a moment," I replied, and quickly placed the rose in the wreath which encircled her full auburn locks.

"You are wrong, you are wrong! My sister Fanchon is the most beautiful."

"How can you contradict me, charming Annette? Will you be a judge in your own cause? If I now declare that to me you are the fairest of the fair in Cransac, what can you say against it?"

"Nothing, only that you have proved to me, that to you the loveliest maiden always is the one nearest to you, and is not that gross flattery?"

"Not flattery! but the greater to you on account of the truth."

Thus the discussion went on. She kept the rose. Now she led me to all her flowers. In a short time we became well acquainted with each other. Before the evening passed off, I was so with the whole family. Even Frau Albert, the mother of six beautiful children, was a pleasant woman, talkative, witty, lively, as the rest. The surly Orny was the only drawback to our amusement. He took part in none of our fun.

One day at Cransac became eight. Every evening I packed up for the next morning, and in the morning unpacked again. Fanchon faithfully kept her promise, and teased me more severely than her philosopher, who remained indifferent to all her railery. Never was I teased more delightfully, nor

more keenly. How could I see the pretty, delicate, volatile fair form of Fanchon floating around me? I felt only too deeply, how dangerous she was to my peace, and armed myself in vain. Her whole being was formed to excite the most glowing passions. Of this, she herself, scarcely entered into her 16th year, thought not. With youthful levity she played among the arrows of Cupid, without knowing their fearfulness. She united with all the charms of youthful grace the true spirit of childhood. What flattering or tender speech was said to her, she understood not in its full meaning, and with unconscious roguery she turned the serious to a witty joke.

I often believed, that in truth, a deeper feeling for me reigned in her bosom, when she was silent, when with delight her look rested on me, and an inexpressible soul-beaming smile from her eyes seemed to say to me, "I live in thee, unbeliever!" But no indeed. That was only her true childlike kindness, a certain true-heartedness, which, on account of her want of experience, on account of her want of knowledge of the world, was intimately united with the natural delicacy of her spirit. She remained what she was, and felt for me nothing more than for the others whom she would please by her great frankness. Coquettish or intriguing, in the true meaning of the words, she was not and had no cause to be. For she pleased and won the heart of every one, and knew, too, that she pleased. This did not make her vain, but only gave to her that charming frankness, that kindly ingenuousness to all the world, so characteristic of children with whom every one gladly plays. She was woman enough to dress with taste, and knew what was becoming to her. And that feminine delicacy, that virgin nobility, which is always united with innocence, gave to her manners a dignity which permitted no one who approached her, to forget that he must not overstep the bounds of propriety, without forfeiting forever her esteem.

At the same time it seemed as if the misanthrope Orny, had stronger claims over her, than any other. I must confess that he was a man whose personal appearance was pleasing. Even his gloomy air, his melancholy disposition, had some attractions; it gave to his smile, which he rarely exhibited, a double value. While all in the world was not right to him, he did every thing justly; and while he had something continually to complain of, he was the most warm-hearted of men. I came into the room once, when Fanchon, while he sat with folded arms, that he might not see her, was brushing the hair from his forehead, and trying to smooth the wrinkles of his brow. I confess this sight deeply kindled my jealousy. But she thought so little of it, that, although her parents entered with me, she changed not her position in the slightest degree, but indulged her humor again, at which we all laughed. When the conversation turned upon his departure, she gave her opinion with true ludicrous gravity. "Do go with the Captain to Spain. That is the true paradise of misanthropes. There, whosoever meets another, kills him, and you, Herr Von Orny, will get rid of men in one way or the other."

Her sister Annette had the same buoyant nature, the same quickness and delicacy of mind, only she was more childlike. But from time to time she displayed far more warmth of feeling, than Fanchon. I might say, she was endowed by nature with a heart more keenly susceptible of the emotions of the good and the beautiful, than the former.

This appeared even in her countenance, in the play of her features. It is impossible to describe the spirit-like appearance which glowed in her features. I may say her whole being was ethereal. In her external appearance, she was very similar to her sister, in form, carriage, voice and features. But in her all appeared more noble, without having it in my power to give the reason. A wonderful dignity combined with innocence. The features of her face were more regular. We might say, she was more beautiful than Fanchon; but 'twas impossible to say which was the most lovely.

It afforded me intense interest to observe the resemblances, differences and preferences of these two glorious beings. Annette was more attached to me. Herr Von Orny pleased her less, on account of his gloomy, and occasionally eccentric character. "Something so displeases me," said she, "I love the sky blue and clear." With child-like confidence she told me all her secrets, asked my advice on all things; even on her dress, and what she should wear, I must decide, and give my opinion on the dress of others. My words seemed to have great weight.

I confess this child captivated me very much. Annette knew how to entreat so sweetly and touchingly, that after the eighth day of my stay at Cransac, I had firmly determined on my departure, I saw myself compelled to yield to her, if Herr Von Orny, who was to travel with me to Perpignan, and who was more urgent to go than I, would wait two days; for it was agreeable for me to have Herr Von Orny for a travelling companion.

I was astonished when Herr Von Orny came and asked for a few days delay. "Have you talked with Annette?" I inquired. "This I had not expected from your iron determination."

"Ah!" said he, and put his hand over his face, as if he would conceal a blush or a faint smile that was stealing upon him, "I could not at last deny the poor child, when my refusal drew tears from her. I must enter into a capitulation with the little witch, and she coaxed from me a week, under the promise then to make no objection. When I finally consented—and how otherwise could I do?—she fell upon my neck, in a fit of joy, and gave me a kiss. She was entirely overcome."

"Oh!" said I, "for such a reward one would willingly sell a traveling companion."

"It depends on you, sir, to travel when you please; my word only binds myself. But it would be agreeable to me to accompany you on your journey to Perpignan."

I assured him that the pleasure of his company was too great not to give up a week, when, besides, rest seemed necessary to my hardly restored health.

When I again saw Annette, she tripped and danced triumphantly up to me.

"Isn't it true, sir, that one of us can even subdue your obstinacy, and tame a half wild one like Herr Von Orny?" said she, laughing.

"I believe it truly, that with such powerful means as those you overcame Herr Von Orny with, you would have conquered me. But I envy him less the fine manner with which you made him capitulate, than the reward you gave him."

She stood suddenly still, and smiled silently and gratefully upon me with indescribable grace.

"At least I think," I continued, "that I also may be bold enough to ask for as sweet a reward, as was given to him unasked."

She gazed at me with a very strange, piercing

look, while a deep blush stole over her sweet face. Suddenly she turned round and danced away, trilling a song. I did not receive the reward. I now indeed suspected, that even with her, as with her sister Fanchon, I had been only the good-natured fool in the play, and had set down to my own account, what in truth had been done only from sympathy for Orny.

The week flew by far too soon. I often regretted that I had prolonged my stay with this charming family at Cransac. For I became more closely and intimately interwoven with these hearts. Fanchon's beauty made an impression upon me, which thoroughly destroyed my former peace and quiet. I loved the girl with an increasing passion, and was the more unhappy, as I was too strongly convinced that she had no idea, no conception what such a passion could be. She was neither more reserved nor more intimate with me, than she had been at first.

Hitherto, I confess, I had flirted with women, without a thought on the subject. But Fanchon was my first love. I needed all my vigilance and attention, to govern my conduct, in order not to make myself ridiculous. The maiden even appeared to me as a being from another world. Meanwhile the hour of departure arrived. And in truth I was very glad when it came, how painful soever it might be to my heart.

I felt as if I were parting from my own family, when the postillion drove up, and we should depart. But no one felt as I did. Herr and Frau Albert were as kind at my departure, as on my arrival. Orny as cold and sullen, as one need be when leaving an inn on a journey. Fanchon, who had never appeared to me so charming as at this moment, when I was leaving her forever, appeared entirely unchanged. She wished us both, with equal kindness and affection, a happy journey, added some droll merriment, and seemed to add it for the purpose of mitigating the unpleasantness of a departure, which could not be wanting at a separation of persons who had spent days and weeks in a charming and delightful society with each other.

Little Annette only displayed more emotion and feeling. She held my hand a long time; then suddenly ran away. When, after a while, she returned, she brought a fresh-blown moss rose, and gave it to me with one hand, while in the other she showed me a faded one, which I immediately recognized as the one which I had given to her on the first day of my arrival. She spoke not a word. A sweet melancholy overspread her lovely face. When now I kissed her hand at parting, she fell upon my neck, kissed me, and sobbing bitterly hastened away.

I now for the first time observed tears in the eyes of Fanchon and her mother.

We stepped into the carriage and rolled away.

* * * * *

For the first hour we conversed but little. Herr Von Orny sat gloomily in one corner of the carriage, and I in the other. This was disagreeable to me. It was not pleasant to be obliged to restrain my feelings in his presence, for I could have wept like a child. Fanchon, with tears in her eyes, constantly floated before me.

The next day it was pleasant. We came to Toulouse, and the miserably built Carcassone. My companion, without, however, being talkative, only opened his mouth, when there was something to find fault with. The country beyond Carcas-

sone began to be picturesque. He was charmed with natural scenery, but not at all with the human race. "The people are only to torment one with their folly or their malice!" he said. "It is the same in palaces as in cottages. I am perhaps a torment to others; but I am so because they are so to me."

"Still the beautiful Fanchon did not seem to be a torment to you?" I added; "or were you cruel enough to be unjust to the loveliest and most innocent creature under heaven?"

"I do not deny," he replied, "that children are the angels of light, in this dark and dreary world. And Fanchon is a genuine child. I shunned the girl, but I had never in my life seen one more lovely. I would have remained longer at Cransac, for the seclusion of the place pleased me, as well as the stupid good nature of the people, who at least understood not how to gloss over their folly or their spite. But I staid not because Fanchon was there."

"What a contradiction?" I exclaimed.

"None at all!" he added, "the girl would perhaps have been able to destroy all the fruits of my painfully acquired knowledge of the world, and of myself, to make a fool of me, or double my misery."

Thus he spoke and ceased. I attempted in vain, to prolong the conversation about the family of Herr Albert, with whom he had staid about a quarter of a year. He replied not, however, unless occasionally by a nod of the head, or a shrug of the shoulders.

He had already told me at Cransac, that it was his intention to travel with me to Perpignan, and to leave me there. Of his business, I knew nothing. At the second post beyond Carcassone, he found a map on the wall. He stood a long time before it, rubbed his forehead, wrote something in his pocket-book, came and said to me, "It is better that I should travel to Marseilles and from thence to Italy."

However, he again took a seat in the carriage. We rode during the night; the moon shone brightly. There was something deeply impressive in riding slowly over the mountains, the jagged edges of whose forests and peaks were drawn in sharp outline on the sky.

Suddenly Orny, who hitherto appeared to have been asleep, turned round to the side of the carriage, to observe the country.

"What ruin is that on the mountain?" he asked the postillion.

"The Castle Louvre!" he replied.

"True!" said Herr Von Orny; "and above there is the road to Sigeon?"

"Certainly!" answered the postillion. "And it is hardly four weeks since, on that very road, on a bright moonlight night like the present, a carriage with travelers was surprised by robbers. My brother-in-law, Matthew, who drove it, was murdered."

"And from Belloc, how far are we?" inquired Orny.

"A short half-mile," replied the postillion.

Orny then threw himself back into the corner of the carriage and said nothing further.

I attentively looked at the dark colossal ruins of the old castle. They exhibited, in the wild, still solitude, strangely illuminated by the moon, a truly magical appearance. Indeed, I never look at such ruins, without experiencing a peculiar feeling of melancholy and sadness. For I involuntarily

think of the long series of bright and gloomy days of those who there once laughed and wept, were born and died, from the first ancestor down to the latest grandchild. And the mighty image of the transitoriness of all things, connects itself at last with the overthrow of their own house.

"This castle does not appear to have stood a long time deserted," I said to the postillion.

"It may have been 8 or 10 years since it was burnt down, with all who were there," he replied.

"Horrible! And through what circumstances came so great a misfortune?" I asked.

He replied: "Why the people of the country had assembled at the outbreak of a revolution. The rulers were hated on account of their sternness and cruelty. It was then assaulted and all burnt down. The castle belonged to a rich countess. She was burnt."

"False!" suddenly exclaimed Herr Von Orny.

"Well, sir?" added the postillion, "I had it from the mouths of very credible people, who told me so. A young man also, who was born in the castle, and who was said to be the son of the countess, but whom she would never acknowledge, was also burnt. Very respectable people have told me, who knew all about it."

"They have lied!" said Herr Von Orny.

"If you do not believe me, or know better, why do you ask me?" grumbled the postillion, as he turned himself to the horses, gave them the whip, and dashed ahead.

"So you are acquainted with the matter?" said I to Von Orny.

"Likely enough," replied he, "for I am the very son who was burnt up there."

"What! are you the son and representative of the old inhabitants of that castle?" I exclaimed, in astonishment. The history or the incident made a deep impression upon me.

"I am the son of no one!" growled he.

"But you said just now you were"—

"Yes, indeed!" he answered, "that is no contradiction."

He appeared to observe my curiosity, and what gratified me the more, he related to me, without my asking him, the following particulars of his life.

[Concluded in our next.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

O man! hold thee on in courage of soul,
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way,
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll,
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day.—*Shelley.*

We all have moments of sober reflection—moments when casting aside the troubles and business of this world, we retire within ourselves, and think of our own frail nature. Often the interrogatories occur to us, "what are we? and what is man's life?" We push the question, but the response is shrouded in mystery. Indeed, the invisible something—the cause of man's being, remains hidden from his view; and probably ever will so long as he exists in his present state. True, we ascribe our existence to an Omnipotent Being; but of the essence, the motive power of life, we know but little. Deity has wisely hidden this from our view; and the more we attempt to tread upon such forbidden ground, the more we are admonished that its truths are beyond the ken of human thought.

Although man cannot discern, nor satisfactorily analyze the cause of that "Promethean heat," by which the phenomena of life are manifest, yet, there is one thing, which he can and does daily perceive and comprehend, and that is, that life is under the control of physical agencies, and that its cessation results in death. This he knows to be the lot of all created existencies: though sometimes when gazing upon the cold and breathless clay of his fellow mortal, he is led to ask,

"Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek—"

Ah! yes! and how often do the warmer affections of the heart become chilled and sad, when the iron hand of death fixes his pale signet upon the objects of our love—upon our friends—the young and beautiful! Reader, if you have ever stood by the bedside of the dying, and seen the death dew silently gathering upon the once beautiful features—an icy coldness starting toward the fountain of life—the eye sunken and lustreless, and the respiration labored, and the death rattle telling with its awful music, the certain fate of the victim, then you can sympathize with the Poet and ask,

"Can this be death? then what is life or death?"

Man reaches this, his last state of being, here, in various ways. It does not always come upon him gradually—it does not always give the kindly warning; but too often he is stricken down, as with a lightning's stroke, and nothing is left but his mouldering remains. We instinctively cling to life; but alas! how often unavailingly! All animate nature warns us of decay. Yet, with this reflection, there is a consolation, a balm, which binds up our chastened feelings: it is the glorious hope of an immortality beyond the grave. Were it not for this, all would be gloom indeed; dark and hideous would be the future, and black chaos would submerge our souls! How happy the thought that we shall exist in another world—that the prize of immortality is laid up for us! That thus we shall again meet our friends—our loved ones! 'Tis this that cheers us through this nether vale! Take it away, and what is life; what is there worth living for? Oh! let us appreciate the priceless boon; let us live for it, and dying we shall have its invaluable consolation.

February, 1844.

SIGMA.

BIOGRAPHY.



JOAN D'ARC.

JOAN D'Arc, called the *Maid of Orleans*, one of the most extraordinary heroines mentioned in history, was the daughter of a peasant named *Jacques d'Arc*, of Domremi, near Vaucouleurs, in Lorraine, where she was born, in 1402. The instruction she received in childhood was such as is generally bestowed upon persons in so humble a situation; and to relieve her parents from the burden of her maintenance, at an early age she hired herself to the master of a small inn, and as he could not afford to keep two servants, she filled the double office of

waiting-maid and groom. To the latter employment she appeared to give a preference, for she possessed an active temper and a robust frame; but she was always observed to pay a particular attention to the conversation of her master's customers, when it turned upon the distresses which then disturbed the peace of France. The misfortunes of the Dauphin excited an interest in her bosom, and being of an enthusiastic turn, and ardent in the cause of religion, she fancied that heaven had inspired her with zeal in the cause. Full of this idea, she quitted her situation, and contrived, in February, 1429, to gain admission to Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs, told him that Heaven had sent her to his assistance, and implored him to let her fight in their cause. The governor, believing her to be insane, paid no attention to her proposal; but she urged him with so much ardor, that he at length sent her to the French court, where the superstition of the time had acquired such a degree of influence, that the account she gave of her divine inspiration was believed. She told them, the Supreme Being had ordered her to raise the siege of Orleans: to conduct the Dauphin to Rheims, and there anoint him king; and after a variety of controversial arguments, whether she was or was not an imposter, her services were accepted, and it was decreed that she should raise the siege. Armed cap-a-pie, she was exhibited to the populace, who eagerly credited every thing she had declared, and the soldiers, fired with the ardor displayed by this martial heroine, vowed they would die or conquer. The beauty of her person, the enthusiasm of her language, united to the complete management with which she conducted her milk-white steed, together with the consecrated banner which was carried before her, impressed the people with the idea that she was fighting by the command of God. Prodiges of valor were doubtless performed by this female, whom the English at first pretended to despise; and when wounded in the neck by one of their arrows, she drew it out, exclaiming, "It is glory, not blood, which flows from the wound!" Wherever she appeared, victory followed her footsteps: no longer was it doubted that her mission was divine; the English fled before her invincible banner, and she was hailed by the people as the savior of their lives! Having performed part of her mission in raising the siege of Orleans, where success had crowned her desires, she insisted upon performing the other part of her embassy, and crowning Charles at Rheims. The different cities through which she passed opened their gates to her, and the magistrates of Rheims sent a deputation with the keys. Every obstacle thus overcome, the ceremony of the coronation was performed on the 17th of July; the maid, clothed in armor, and displaying her sacred and victorious banner, took her place on the occasion by the side of the king, while the people hailed this combination of miracles with shouts and acclamations. The mystical inauguration of Charles shed over him a kind of glory, and gave him, in the eyes of the nation, new and divine rights. A medal was struck in honor of the heroine, bearing on one side her portrait; on the other, a hand grasping a sword, with the following motto, "Sustained by the aid of God!" Charles testified his gratitude for her extraordinary services, by ennobling her family, and giving it the name of *du Lys*, (probably in allusion to the lilies of her banner,) with a suitable estate in land. Joan, now that the two objects of her

mission were obtained, proposed to retire; but the general, Dunois, sensible of the advantages he derived from the idea of her supernatural commission, persuaded her to remain in arms till the English should be finally expelled. But the tide of success, which had flowed in such an unabating channel, at length seemed to vary its course; for though, after the coronation of Charles, new victories had succeeded, the ill-fated Joan at last fell into her enemies' hands. By the advice of Dunois, she had thrown herself into the town of Compigne, then besieged by the Duke of Burgundy and the English. To describe the various acts of bravery achieved by this heroine, would far exceed our limits; but, on making a sally, she drove the enemy from their entrenchments, when she was treacherously deserted by the French officers, who were jealous of the honor conferred upon her by her monarch; and was immediately surrounded by the foe. After having received several wounds, her horse fell under her, and she was captured by the Burgundians, who basely sold her to the English for ten thousand livres. The purchasers indulged a malignant triumph on the capture of a woman who had caused such a reverse in their affairs, and resolved to show her no mercy. The regent, the Duke of Bedford, immediately commenced a prosecution against her; and because he could find no just charge on which to arraign her, he accused her of *sorcery, impiety, and magic!* The clergy in his interest, and the University of Paris, to their eternal disgrace, joined in the accusation. Loaded with chains, and ignominiously treated, she still maintained an undaunted intrepidity of mind, and amidst the insulting scoffs of her persecutors, displayed a heroism that ought to have excited the admiration of mankind. She was brought in irons before an ecclesiastical commission at Rouen, where a number of captious interrogatories were put to her during the space of a four months' trial, to which she replied with firmness and dignity. Among other questions, she was asked, why she assisted with her standard in her hand at the coronation of Charles? "Because," she nobly replied, "the person who shared in the danger, had a right to share in the glory." Her pretended visions and inspirations were the most dangerous points of the attack, and the weakest of her defence. Urged on these grounds with the crimes of heresy and impiety, she appealed to the pope, but her appeal was disallowed. At length she was solemnly condemned as a sorceress and blasphemer, and delivered over to the secular arm. Neglected by the prince whose cause had inspired her with such an enthusiastic ardor, and insulted by the very people by whom she had been adored, the spirit and resolution of the unfortunate Maid of Orleans now forsook her, and she tried to avert the punishment that awaited her, by an open recantation of her errors, and a disavowal of her supposed revelations. The natural love of existence implanted in every bosom, when it has lost that indifference which enthusiasm inspires, induced the ill-fated Joan, with the hope of preserving her life, to sign articles, treacherously drawn up by her accusers, wherein she acknowledged that she had been misled by illusions, which she was ready to renounce. Her sentence was then mitigated to perpetual imprisonment; but the barbarity of her enemies was not satisfied with this vengeance. They insidiously placed in her apartment a suit of man's apparel, and because, tempted by the view of a dress in which she had obtained so much

glory, she ventured to put it on, they interpreted the action as a relapse into heresy, and condemned her to the stake. In June, 1431, to the perpetual shame of her cruel and unjust prosecutors, she was burned in the market place of Rouen. She met her fate with resolution, and the English themselves beheld the scene with tears. She ascended the funeral pile amidst the shouts of a multitude, who, instead of commiserating, insulted her fate. "*Blessed be God!*" were the last words which she uttered: her ashes were scattered to the wind; and thus treacherously died, in the thirtieth year of her age, the woman to whose memory altars ought to have been erected. Her king did nothing to avenge her cause. He was contented with procuring a revision of the process, and a restoration of her memory by the pope, ten years afterwards. In that act she was styled a "martyr to her religion, her country, and her king." The enthusiastic admiration of her countrymen did not wait for such a slow process. They propagated many marvellous tales relative to her execution; and a party would not suppose her really dead, but continually expected her return, to lead them, as before, to victory. Posterity has not been able to form a uniform and consistent judgment respecting this personage and her actions. The most probable proposition seems to be, that she was sincere in the idea of her divine inspiration, and gave herself up to the enthusiasm of a heated fancy, and that this circumstance was improved by some of the leading people in the interest of Charles, with the addition of so much artifice as was necessary to produce a full effect on the passions of the public. It is not doubted that, in fact, the appearance of the Maid of Orleans gave a decisive turn to the contest between the French and English.

This heroine has been the subject of various works in prose and verse. Of the latter, the serious poem of Chapelain has had much less success than the burlesque and very licentious one of Voltaire—a real injury to her memory—which has been in some degree repaired in England by Southey's sublime and spirited poem of "Joan of Arc," representing her in the highest colors of virtue and heroism.

MISCELLANY.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

ONE of those singular cases of individual history which sometimes astonish the mass, by their singularity and eccentricity, was related to us the other day by a friend of ours, in whom we have the most implicit confidence. The facts are as follows: Some seven years ago a gentleman died in Georgia, leaving a son about fourteen years old and property to the amount of about \$20,000. The executor who had been a particular friend of the old man was about to place the boy at school, with the intention of giving him every opportunity of enjoying the benefits of a liberal education, when the boy suddenly disappeared, leaving it certain that he had gone off, but in what direction, why or for what purpose was unknown. The Guardian, wrote in every direction, begging his acquaintances to make inquiries and have a look out for him. But no trace of him whatever could be discovered. Seven years passed away and his fate still remained a mystery to his friends. A short time since, however, his Guardian heard from some person that he was seen within some short distance of Mobile

in this State. Without the slightest delay, he started in pursuit of the young man, and found him in the neighborhood of the place where he had been seen. He was engaged there in cutting and hauling wood, had been engaged at that business for several years, and been a steamboat hand on the river between here and Mobile for three years. His Guardian found him with a face burnt and tanned with exposure to the sun and weather, and his hands hard from the effects of labor.

His Guardian told him that he must come home and take his property, for he could not continue to take charge of it any longer. He said he could not leave then, as the man for whom he had been working owed him fifty dollars. He, was at last however persuaded to settle with his employer, by taking his note. When questioned as to his reasons for leaving home seven years before, he said he did not like to go to school. So during all that time he worked hard, away from home and among strangers, rather than go back, lest he should be sent to school. He knew, too, that he was worth property, yet never applied for one dollar of it.—During his residence in the neighborhood of Mobile, he gained the reputation of a strictly sober, hard-working, prudent and economical young man. Last week he passed through this place on his return to Georgia, where a snug property, which has been accumulating under the careful management of his honest and faithful Guardian, awaits him.—Our readers may depend upon the truth of what we write.—*Montgomery Advertiser, Ala.*

PRIVATE BEGGING.

AN Irish mendicant once presented himself at the door of one of the small parish manses in Haddington, Scotland, and inquired, with an air of mystery, if the minister was at home. The servant said he was, and added, that if he had any message for him he would carry it up to him.

"No," said the man, "I want to see the minister himself."

Mr. ——— was accordingly called, and on making his appearance he demanded of Pat the nature of his business.

"Och!" says he, glancing a look towards the servant, "I want a word in secret wid yerself, plase yer rivrence."

He was accordingly conducted into the minister's study, where, after the door had been carefully shut, he proceeded to unfold his errand in a low whisper. He said, that as he was approaching the village, he observed a notice on the toll-bar, prohibiting public begging within the bounds of the parish, and that he was himself a beggar.

"And, plaze yer honor," said he, "I don't want to be afther breakin' the parish regulations, so I've made bowld to speak a word to ye in private, hopin' that yer rivrence will be plazed to help a poor Irishman."

This was said with such an air of affected secrecy and drollery, that the clergyman, putting his hand into his pocket, rewarded Pat's inventive wit with the gift of half a crown.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a merchant that did not sell "ten per cent, cheaper than any other man in town?"

Did you ever know two men to spend six hours in controversy, and not afterwards disagree more widely than when they began?

Did you ever pass five minutes with a represent-

ative in the legislature, without his aching to let you know that he filled that office?

Did you ever know a man about to fail, who according to his own story, was not doing a most prosperous business?

Did you ever see a preacher who thought he "had a call" from a high salary to a low one?

Did you ever know a litigious man who was not strongly in favor of kill-lawyer legislation?

Did you ever have a friend, who, when you didn't know what to do with your "loose change," couldn't suggest some means of relieving you from your perplexity?

Did you ever come the giraffe over a blood-thirsty musquito, after getting fairly mad with him!

Did you ever see a man prosper in business, who was in the habit of borrowing money at more than six per cent?

Did you ever know a critic who did not consider every thing he was unable to comprehend, as nonsense?

Did you ever see a man who in accepting office was not actuated solely by a desire to serve his country?

Did you ever know a mechanic to do a job perfectly well, after being screwed down below the fair living price?

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

Two young men "with a humming in their heads," retired late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both instead of taking as they supposed, a bed apiece, get back to back into one, which begins to sink under them and come around at intervals in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explication. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say, Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there?" says the other: "so there is in mine. Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was:

"Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" says his fellow toper; "better luck than I; my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

Their "relative positions" were not apparent until the next morning.

EXPLANATORY.—"Grandma," said a little girl, with rosy cheeks, to an elderly dame, "what makes it thunder and lighten?" "Well, my darling, I 'spect the light from the blessed sun gets lodged in the clouds, and when a snag on't gets together it bu'sts. The streaks that fly out is the lightning, and the bu'stin' is the thunder!"

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching the reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lip, may operate upon the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

GOOD CAUSE FOR DISCONTINUING A SUIT.—A lawyer in Pittsburgh recently observed to the bench: "If your honor pleases we will discontinue that suit; the plaintiff is a bankrupt, and the defendant was sent to the Penitentiary the last term of the Criminal Court." "Very good and substantial reasons," said his Honor and the suit was dismissed.

Opinions of the Press, &c.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The publisher of this beautiful Journal—William B. Stoddard—has forwarded us the last number. It is issued semi-monthly at the low price of \$1.00 per year. It is devoted to polite literature, and no where in the United States is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. Persons wishing a cheap literary paper will do well to subscribe. A specimen may be seen at this office, where subscriptions will be received. No better evidence of its merit can be presented, than the simple statement that it has lived to enter upon its twentieth volume. It is published at Hudson, N. Y.—*Telegraph, Norwich, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—We notice a great improvement in this tasteful literary journal, published semi-monthly, at Hudson, N. Y. by William B. Stoddard, Esq. It may be said of a truth to be a specimen of the "art preservative of all arts," and we are sure, devoted as it is to polite literature, Biographies, Sketches, &c. it cannot fail to receive a still wider circulation and a much more extensive patronage than it has heretofore done. Terms, one dollar per annum.—*Pearl, Denton, Md.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This is one of the oldest and best literary journal of the size now published. It has entered upon its 20th year, is a beautiful quarto sheet, neatly printed and embellished with engravings, and is afforded at one dollar per annum. Published at Hudson, N. Y. by Wm. B. Stoddard, Esq. Mrs. B. thankfully greets her old acquaintance, and would be pleased if the publisher would "send the back numbers."—*W. B.—Liberty Press, Utica, N. Y.*

We have received a number of the "Rural Repository," a literary paper published semi-monthly, at Hudson, N. Y. It is embellished with engravings, neatly printed, and as to its merits we need only say, that this paper has withstood the test of nineteen years, this No. being the 5th of the 20th volume. It is of quarto size, and at the price of only one dollar per year.—*True Whig, Goshen, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—This is the title of a very interesting miscellaneous paper published at Hudson, by W. B. Stoddard. On the 26th of August last, it commenced its 20th volume, with an entire new dress. It is well deserving of patronage. Terms \$1. per year, in advance. Subscriptions received at this office.—*Cayuga Patriot, Auburn, N. Y.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. A. Attica, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Van Deusenville, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. Lancaster, N. H. \$2.00; C. T. Caho, N. Y. \$1.00; E. C. W. Covington, Ia. \$1.00; C. L. S. Addison, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; R. H. S. Shultzville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. R. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. K. Greenport, N. Y. \$2.50; E. C. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; E. M. West Pittsfield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$2.00; E. B. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; T. W. Shrewsbury, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. East Sheffield, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. North Haverhill, N. H. \$2.00; W. B. K. Cassville, N. Y. \$1.00; C. F. H. Richmond, Ms. \$1.00; T. M. C. Lee, Ms. \$5.00; S. R. Claverack, N. Y. \$2.00; E. P. Norwich, N. Y. \$1.00; D. C. M. Elmira, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. Camden, S. C. \$1.00; E. D. G. South Edmeston, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. H. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. K. Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. D. Lee, Ms. \$1.00.

Arrived,

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. T. G. Freeman, Mr. David Hall to Miss Sarah Maria Hallenbeck, of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Wm. Sharts, to Miss Catharine Barringer, all of this city.

On the 8th inst. by Edward Gernon, Esq. Wm. John Tice, to Miss Susan Van Loon, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. Andrew Krom to Mrs. Lydia Fredinburgh, both of Hillsdale, Columbia county.

In Claverack, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, Mr. James Caryer, of Kinderhook, to Miss Mary E. Sagen-dorpf, of the former place.

Filed,

In Albany, on the 10 inst. Mr. Spencer Stafford—a highly respected and enterprising merchant of that city—aged 71 years.

In Kinderhook, on the 14th inst. Mr. Francis Pruyn, son of John I. Pruyn, Esq. in the 34th year of his age.

In Chatham, on the 4th inst. Capt. Ebenezer J. Cady, in the 65th year of his age.

In Greenport, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, in her 73d year.

At Athens, Greene Co. on the 11th inst. Mrs. Ruth Reynolds, wife of Samuel Reynolds, deceased, in her 66th year.

At Albany, on the 11th inst. after a severe illness of several days, Hon. Esck Cowen, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of this State.

At New-York, on the 7th inst. Amelia Kerr, daughter of David and Jane Van Sien, and adopted daughter of Henry and Amelia Kerr, aged 3 years and 5 months.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

MY MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

WHY dash the scalding tear away
From off thy sun burnt cheek?
Why sad, while gliding o'er the spray,
Upon the trackless deep?
The ocean is thy favorite place—
The gallant ship thy home:
There's beauty for thy sparkling eye
In the white-crested foam.
There's music in the moaning breeze,
As it murmurs through the shrouds—
There's grandeur on the face of heaven
In the dark gathering clouds.
Then why is the hardy sailor sad,
While on the boundless deep?
Why does he leave his shipmate's side
And turn away to weep?
Go ask him if he sighs for home,
Or for kind friends caressing?
He answers, "ah, I weep in vain
For my fond mother's blessing."

A scaffold rears its gloomy head,
Decked in its sable hue—
A criminal's faltering voice is heard,
As he bids to earth adieu:
"My crime is great—my doom is just—
Innocent blood I've shed;—
I'll not portray the awful guilt
That rests upon my head.
I would not tremble at my fate,
Although it is distressing—
I'd die in peace could I but have
My mother's parting blessing."

A dying soldier is borne forth,
Drenched in his crimson gore—
He smiles to see the artillery flash
And hear the cannons roar.
"Then let my banner proudly wave
Over my dying head—
The sight of it will ease this pang,
E'en in this hour of dread.
Then leave me comrades, leave me now,
I scorn thy kind caressing;
For I would die a glorious death,
Had I my mother's blessing."

Stockport, N. Y. 1844.

APOSTROPHE TO AN OLD HAT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

COME forth old hat! I'll pluck thee from the ditch
Where thou hadst well-nigh found a grave "unwept,
Unhonored and unsung." I'll rescue thee
A moment longer from oblivion.
Albeit thou art old—bereaved of rim,
And—like a prince dethroned—no more canst boast
A crown!

Would thou couldst talk! I'd e'en consent
That thou shouldst steal my prating grandame's
tongue,
And so procure her silence and thy history!
Old and adust, degraded as thou art,
Thine ancient quality doth still appear,
And this fine web, malgre thy present mien—
(A battered cylinder of dingy brown—)
Proclaims that once—some dozen years ago—
Thou wert a good and fashionable hat.

Perhaps thou first wert perched right jauntily
A-top some dandy's poll—a most convenient block
To keep thee in good shape, and serve beside
One purpose more—to advertise thy brethren!

Mayhap a lawyer in thy pristine years,
And his, with thy possession much enhanced
His meagre sum of personal estate;
And, in phrase professional called thee, "chattel"—
A vile distinction for a beaver hat!—
A lawyer's hat! alack—what teeming storehouse oft
Of mischiefs dire! ill boding parchment; "writs,"
With hieroglyphics mystically inscribed,
Invention curious of graceless men,
And in sad mockery named "the grace of God!"
What mighty "suits at law" begot and born
Within thy straight enclosure, yet survive
Thy tenth successor!—and what mighty suits
In Chancery, (so named from Chance who sits
Alternate there, and in the legal courts—)
Still flourish endless as the heap of words
Which mark the spot where Justice lies entombed.

Perchance at first thou wert allowed to crown
The honorable head of some grave Senator;
Or judge astute; or member of "the other house;"
Pregnant perforce with weighty matters;
"Petitions" humbly praying to abolish
Slavery and "hard times," "bills" to promote
The better culture of morality,
And *morus multicaulis*; mayhap a brief
And formal letter to a brother member,
In courteous phrase requesting leave to shoot him!
"Notes," "Resolutions," Speeches of vast length
And just adapted to produce what thou
Hast wanted many a year—a decent nap!

Perchance an editor, by some mysterious accident
Made passing rich with five and forty shillings,
First bore thee off in triumph—'tis pity then
Thou canst not speak—else should we hear of much
Before unpublished; of countless "bills"
Unpaid; of libels, prudently suppressed;
Much of "Stanzas;" "Lines" innumerable;
And love-sick "songs" to mundane goddesses,
All wickedly committed to the Persian's God!

Thou mayst have crowned a parson—and couldst
tell,
If thou hadst power of verbal utterance,
Of "the divinity that stirred within thee"
In shape of sermons—faithful or smooth-tongued,
As he who wrote them chanced to covet most
The praise of God or man. A lover's hat
Thou surely wert—(since all men love
Who have a head!) and oft, no doubt hast given
To scented billetdoux and amorous rhymes
Thy friendly guardianship—secure from aught
Save lifting winds and porter's curious eye.

At second hand, 'tis ten to one thou wert
A Jew's possession—got in honest barter;
Next, John the ostler's; last of all past doubt,
A vagrant's hat—the equitable purchase
Of an ill sung song. Till quite worn out
With rain and wind and sleet and "other ills
Thy race is heir to," the beggar spurned thee
From his plebeian pate, and here thou liest.

From the Iris.

FRIENDSHIP.

COULD absence, distance, time or place,
The ties of friendship sever,
Remembrance of past joys erase,
And blot them out forever,
Affection we might justly deem,
A name that soon will perish,
Instead of that bright golden dream,
Which we so fondly cherish.

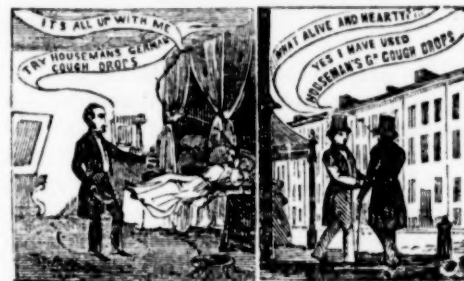
But no; the intervening space,
Which friend from friend may part,
Can ne'er unfold those pleasing chords,
That bind the willing heart.
Fond memory oft will bring to mind
The hours together spent;
When quickly glided time away,
In harmless merriment.

BETA.

DOCT. ROUSEMAN'S

GERMAN COUGH DROPS.

Price 50 Cents per Bottle.



PREPARED and sold at Wholesale by JOHN J. DAVIS, city of Hudson, Columbia County, N. Y. Perhaps a more important and valuable medicine than this was never provided for the afflicted. No resort has hitherto been had to the press to make its extraordinary virtues known; but it has been long tried, and its great efficacy most thoroughly proved by the infallible test of actual experience. By its own merits and intrinsic excellence it has become highly celebrated in every section of the country where it has been in use. It may without exaggeration be pronounced an infallible remedy for colds, coughs, asthma, influenza, whooping-coughs, croup, worms, hemorrhage, (or raising blood,) and all the complaints affecting the breast and lungs, and tending to consumption or general debility. Numerous testimonials may be seen in the hands of the agents for the sale of this healing Balsam, showing that such has been its effects in an innumerable multitude of cases. The proofs of its wonderful efficacy are incontrovertible. If used in the first stages of any of the complaints above named, it acts as a complete preventive, and their further progress is arrested. In this climate, where such complaints are so common, owing to sudden changes of weather, no man who places a right value upon health should be without this medicine. A timely use of it will save immense bills for medical attendance, and what is more will prevent the languishing sufferings of protracted illness, and often preserve life itself.—Efficacious as it is, it is nevertheless mild, pleasant and always harmless. It is purely a vegetable compound and may be taken with entire safety in all kinds of weather, and under all circumstances. It acts as a mild, heating expectorant, and at the same time as a very gentle tonic. Its use has not only restored thousands who were laboring under temporary illness, but it has produced great improvement in the health of persons constitutionally feeble as its effect is to impart tone and vigor to the system while it never causes weakness. The article is for sale in this city, by VAN VALKENBURGH & ROSSMAN, FRANK FUNDERSON, W & G. STORRS, CHARLES McARTHUR, LEWIS LITTLE, SILAS W. TOBEY, and ETHAN S. FOX, Athens, Wholesale Agent, and can generally be found with Druggists and Merchants in almost every State and Town in the Union. Numerous Certificates may be seen in the Pamphlets or on the Wrappers which accompany each Bottle.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every number embellished with one or more superior wood engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Persons remitting us \$3.00, free of postage, shall receive Four Copies: for \$5.00, Seven Copies; for \$7.00, Ten Copies; for \$10.00, Fifteen Copies. To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; and for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th volumes, and any one sending for the 20th volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

POST MASTERS, are authorized to remit subscriptions for a paper, free of expense.